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SIXPENCE.

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SCULPTURE UNDER FIRE: "THE POILU"—A BUST BY A FRENCH SOLDIER, FROM THE SALON DES ARMÉES.

The Salon des Armées de la République, to give it its full title, is an exhibition, recently opened in the Tuilleries Gardens in Paris, of works of art done by French soldiers at the front. A separate section is devoted to the work of Belgian soldiers. There are nearly 3000 exhibits, including water-colours, drawings, etchings, and sketches, a few oil-paintings and busts, and a varied collection of *objets d'art* ingeniously carved or otherwise fashioned. Every

exhibit is certified by the artist's commanding officer to have been done at the front, and no artist, however eminent, was allowed to show work not executed within sound of German shells. Considering the conditions, the Salon reaches a high level of artistic quality. Another fine bust, executed by the same French soldier as the one here illustrated, is given on a later page in this issue dealing with the exhibition.

LITERATURE.

British Birds. The fourth and final volume of "British Birds," written and illustrated by Mr. Archibald Thorburn (Longmans, Green), is now issued, and hearty congratulations are due to the author-artist for his comprehensive work, and to his publishers for the excellent style in which they have produced the books at a time and under conditions that could hardly have been less favourable. In this concluding part Mr. Thorburn deals chiefly with the bustards, plover, snipe, sandpipers, terns, gulls, divers, grebes, and petrels; and there are the usual twenty plates dealing with the various species in the faithful fashion that we associate with Mr. Thorburn's brush. There are certain disadvantages inherent in the method of placing a number of colour illustrations upon a single page—the limits of colour process-printing are apt to declare themselves, and, while some primary colours are a thought too primary, the gradual shading of plumage is sometimes lost. This is particularly noticeable, in all four volumes, when the picture has the studio high lights and a *plain air* background. Sometimes, too, the shadows turn away in studio work. But the faults (or rather, the defects) are forgotten when we consider the excellencies; and when we compare the price of these four volumes with that asked for Lord Lilford's work, which is now unobtainable, it may be said that a record of British bird life likely to become a classic has been placed before the bird-lover at a price within the means of enthusiasm. It is fair, too, to say that the illustrations in Lord Lilford's famous volumes have in the same measure the same defect in the apportionment of relative values that we notice here. The letterpress, as before, is made up largely of quotations from accepted authorities—H. S. Dresser, Howard Saunders, Macgillivray, and others; but now and again the author, who is a keen and competent ornithologist as well as a sympathetic artist, gives us the results of first-hand observation. It is interesting to learn that some of the sea-birds that were originally plentiful on our coasts, and then declined in numbers until they were in danger of disappearance, are now beginning to respond to the efforts made to protect them. The Great Skua, for example, is increasing in the Shetlands, though whether these Huns of the great gull family will be popular with their relations is at least unlikely. We have yet to learn the result of increasing the numbers of predatory birds. It remains to be seen, too, what disturbance in the old order of distribution will be effected by the war; we may rest assured that it will be considerable. The number of gulls and terns nesting on our coasts in the spring of 1916 was apparently quite abnormal, and one hears of comparatively rare birds having been seen inland, though the evidence is not as conclusive as one might wish. But it is clear that changes of habitat have been imposed upon many species by the war, and it may be that the protective orders now current may avail to bring over here certain birds that came here of old time. Considering all the difficulties that lay between Mr. Thorburn and his achievement, the measure of his success is seen to be remarkable; it will add to the considerable ranks of his admirers.

To Verdun Mr. Harry Brittain has given a wonderfully interesting account of a recent visit to the British and French front in his new book, "To Verdun from the Somme" (John Lane). He went under the *egis* of authority, and had the *entrée* to intimate circles at Headquarters, including those of Sir Douglas Haig and General Joffre, and enjoyed the hospitality of many of the high officers of both armies, as also of the Russian contingent in Champagne. Naturally, he reveals no secrets, and he is very discreet as to the mention of names. The value of his book consists in the vivid impression it conveys of the personal side of the war. Mr. Brittain's travelling companion was the Hon. James M. Beck, the distinguished American lawyer who has done so much for the Allied cause by advocating it in the States and in neutral countries. In the French lines they were joined by another American, Mr. Owen Johnson, the well-known novelist. Mr. Beck, to whom the book is dedicated, contributes a foreword in which he states some facts as to the practical help and sympathy given by Americans to the Allies—facts which ought to be better known than they are. Thus he says that more than 16,000 Americans have enlisted in the Canadian forces, while at least 10,000—probably many more—are serving with the French, including over 100 airmen in the aviation service. American official neutrality is one thing; American national feeling is another.

Word-Pictures Contrast and criticism are the notes of War Scenes, of this remarkable record of the experiences of a nurse—"My Experiences on Three Fronts," by Sister Martin-Nicholson (Allen and Unwin)—and both are expressed in vigorous terms. The author opens with a reflection upon August 4, 1914, when "countries already stricken under the crash and flame of the rising storm which was to be the greatest the world had ever known were calling aloud for help . . . and here at home laughing men and women, lapped in a sense of security . . . panted, scuttled, or paddled unheedingly." But, quickly, the writer passes to a vivid account of her experiences, often tragic enough, at the front, in Belgium, Russia, Poland, France, and is not sparing of criticism when she deems it called for. She laments, not without reason, that languages are not taught more: "It is a terrible triangle that of a patient who does not understand nurse and nurse who does not understand doctor." Her earliest experience was when she found the Germans at the gates of Brussels, and she pays a tribute to the pluck of Burgomaster Max. There is of necessity much that is terribly painful in her book, notably a glimpse of the arrival of a train of German soldiers raving mad from horror and strain. Her life in Russia and Poland is told in very interesting fashion, and the natives fascinated her—their childlike ness and their simple acceptance of "Nichevo," which is their "Kismet," or "Che sara sarà." There are scores of interesting glimpses of life and character, and the volume closes with a splendid tribute to the British soldier—summed up as "the finest total in the world—Tommy Atkins, Gentleman."

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Illustrated London News

Beginning with the issue dated February 3, the price of "The Illustrated London News" will be raised one penny—that is, to Sevenpence. In the same way, our contemporaries will raise their price. This has been made necessary by the great increase in the cost of paper and of all other materials used, in the cost of labour and of transport. We feel sure that our readers will support us as before, realising that we should not raise the price of our Paper unless such action were really necessary. It should be added, further—and the point seems hardly to call for emphasis—that the Paper will be kept at its present high standard of illustrations and letterpress. The normal price of sixpence will be resumed as soon as possible.

JAPANESE "NOH."

ANCIENT Japanese drama has probably received a less attention from Western students than have other forms of Japanese art, especially painting and ceramics. Doubtless, however, one of the results of the war will be to stimulate interest in this fascinating if recondite subject, as part of the fuller insight we shall all desire to obtain into the mental history of our great Oriental Allies. With such thoughts will many British readers open a book that has just been published, entitled "Noh" or Accomplishment: A Study of the Classical Stage of Japan, by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound (Macmillan). They will find themselves in a new world of ideas, and, like visitors to a foreign land ignorant of its language, customs, and traditions, they will need some little time and effort to discover their bearings. But the object in view will repay their trouble: it is a region worth exploring. In a prefatory note Mr. Ezra Pound explains his share in the making of the book, which is based on the writings of the late Professor Fenollosa, and in the introduction gives interesting particulars of the latter's work in Japan. "He went to Japan as a professor of economics. He ended as Imperial Commissioner of Arts. He had unearthed treasure that no Japanese had heard of. . . . When he died suddenly in England the Japanese Government sent a war-ship for his body, and the priests buried him within the sacred enclosure of Miidera. These facts speak for themselves." An account of the Noh, which are short plays or eclogues performed with music, dancing, and masks, is given both in Mr. Pound's introduction, notes, and appendices, and in an essay by Professor Fenollosa. Details are also given as to the form of the Noh stage, and its accessories. Translations of twelve of the plays, of which some two hundred are extant, complete the contents of the volume. The ancient lyrical drama called the "Noh" is quite distinct from the modern Japanese drama of realism. It was saved from extinction at the time of the revolution of 1868 by the efforts of a famous Noh actor, Mr. Umejawa Minoru, who by great struggles and sacrifices succeeded in preserving the old traditions, and establishing a Noh theatre in Tokyo, the precursor of five others. Professor Fenollosa studied the Noh for twenty years under the personal tuition of the old actor and his sons. A portrait of Umejawa Minoru forms the frontispiece, and is the only illustration. There might well have been others.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS:

FICTION.

The Match-Makers. J. E. Buckrose. 5s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Cradle Ship. With Coloured Illustrations. Edith Howes. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The Lightning Conductress. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

A Young Lion of Flanders. J. van Ammers Kueller. Illustrated by Louis Raemakers. 5s. net (Headley.)

In the Fire of the Furnace. By A Sergeant in the French Army. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

A Balkan Freebooter. Jan Gordon. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Two's Two. J. Storer Clouston. 6s. (Blackwood.)

The Rise of Edgar Dunstan. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Her Father's Daughter. A. and C. Askew. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

His One Talent. Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Gaspard the Poilu. René Benjamin. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

Obstacles. Parry Truscott. 6s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

Esther Lawes. Edgar Jepson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A Friend Indeed. F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Families Repaired. J. S. Fletcher. 6s. net. (Allen and Unwin.)

Count Raven. Agnes and Egerton Castle. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Song of the Plow. Maurice Hewlett. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Imperial Germany. Prince von Bulow. With a Foreword by J. W. Headlam. 6s. (Cassell.)

Survivors' Tales of Famous Crimes. Walter Wood. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

Poems. A. Oscar Boult. 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

With a B.P. Scout in Gallipoli. E. Y. Pritchett. With a Foreword by Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. 6s. net. (Routledge.)

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Things I Remember. Sidney Whitman. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

NEW NOVELS.

The Silver Chain.

Sir William Richmond's clever and cultured novel, "The Silver Chain" (Cecil Palmer and Hayward), reminds one now and then of other gifted writers. The shades of Ruskin, Disraeli, George Meredith, Bulwer Lytton, seem to hover over some of the pages. But Sir William Richmond's romance and philosophy, his humour and charm of style, are all his own. His characters are alive, his scenes sometimes verge upon melodrama, his satire of convention and of commercialism is scathing, but his humanity is boundless. Some of his men and women seem to belong to the realms of romance; but others are unmistakable, and even painfully, realistic. It is the same with their environment. The author passes from the charm of Cairo, that wonderful city in the desert, to the dismal town of Slumsough, the product and centre of commercialism in its most repulsive forms, and both are drawn with the pencil of an artist. "The Silver Chain" is a remarkable work, too varied and too voluminous to be dealt with in detail in a brief review. The characters live—men and women at their best, and worst: the heroine, Mary Esprit, the lovable Professor, Flintsome the financial adventurer, "palpitating with actuality." Much in its pages gives one furiously to think, and it is never dull, for the author has wit and an artist's appreciation of the beautiful, and the "plot" is sufficiently dramatic. And through it all runs a consistent thread of poetic justice, even for the wayward, and for a time worldly and self-loving, heroine. The men and women are real creations. The Philosopher "who used his nerves without being nervous, who strained his mind but not his body"; the foolish, pseudo-pious woman, who regarded the "artist species" as "certainly poor and probably immoral"; the other pious woman who is a "collector of scandal, at which business she works as hard as the collector of taxes"; the showy lady who is "a kind of long-distance beauty"; the wife who has married for money, and "wears fetters lined with spikes, studded with diamonds"—these are creatures of flesh and blood, as well as creations of the unconventional author. It is rare to find so much beauty of thought and diction, in conjunction with so much philosophy and sharp satire of the sordid side of life, within the compass of a single book, and "The Silver Chain" should find many appreciative readers.

Moor Fires. We cannot say that we have found "Moor Fires" (John Murray) easy reading. With a manner that seems to be growing upon our younger writers, Miss E. H. Young, shunning emphasis and explanation, contrives to make the discovery of her numerous characters a game of hide-and-seek in the mists. She introduces nobody, and her people slide into their places in the story with steps so unobtrusive that they might almost be a tribe of ghosts. It is a good book, wherefore it is as well, perhaps, to urge readers not to be dismayed by the fogginess of the early chapters. The Canipers are an original family, and the contrasting temperaments of the twins, Helen and Miriam, have been studied and elaborated with much painstaking. Helen and Miriam are both young and alive; Mildred is a curiously interesting personality; and the background of the moor serves them all with equal success. Unconsciously or not, Miss Young's people are influenced by a Brontëan atmosphere that clings, and this although they are moderns of our own time. "Moor Fires" is written with talent, and is a book to wrestle with and to read with attention.

Little Grey Ships.

A better gift than "Little Grey Ships" (John Murray) in the present time of stress it would be hard to find. It is a tonic, not a narcotic. The people who live in the cities—grey, too, and chilled by winter weather—will find it bracing to read these sketches of the work of the mine-sweepers in the North Sea. Since we went to war there has arisen a navy within the Navy, until the officer in command of the little auxiliary vessels can boast that he has more craft under his command than the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet itself. Trawlers that once trawled for fish trawl now for other and deadly things. Mr. J. J. Bell has made a study of the men who man them. They represent a reserve of rough, dogged strength that the ingenuity of Germany has pitted itself against, a reserve not of fighting, but of fisher men. Mr. Bell's text is brief, and his arguments all to the point. "Trawler *Buzzard*, of —, minded, 7.15 this mornin'." And then the story of how the *Buzzard* was minded, what she was doing, and what the men of her sister-trawlers said and did, both when they were working with her and after they returned to port. The patient enemy ceaselessly sows his mines, and as patiently the mine-sweepers gather them up. They are not a comfortable catch to handle—

Slow work, but excitin' too,
For maybe you poaches your egg o.k.,
An' maybe it scrambles you!

Corporal Jacques "Corporal Jacques of the Foreign Legion" (Hutchinson) is a slim little book, carrying out the old adage about good stuff being made up in small parcels. It is excellent reading. Mr. De Vere Stacpoole is always vivid and alive, but we think he has not done anything better, slight though the thread of stories be, than these adventures of the redoubtable Corporal Jacques. The Corporal, you must understand, was formerly an Apache of Paris, to whom M. Lepine gave his choice between a penitentiary and the Legion. Jacques chose the Legion, because, all things being even, he liked the name better. He was an artist. . . . He found an atmosphere congenial to artists of his school at Sidi-bel-Abbes. Then follow the stories of a légionnaire on a halfpenny a day (with soap and tobacco to provide out of his pay) in Algeria. "It is amazing," Robert Louis Stevenson said once in his early days, "how immoral a man can be on half-a-crown a week." It is amazing how adventurous Jacques could be on a halfpenny a day. And then, just when you are beginning to feel that such a vital spark is, after all, fit for something better than escapades on the edge of the desert, the bugles call to the Great War.

ART UNDER FIRE: EXHIBITS IN THE FRENCH SALON DES ARMÉES.

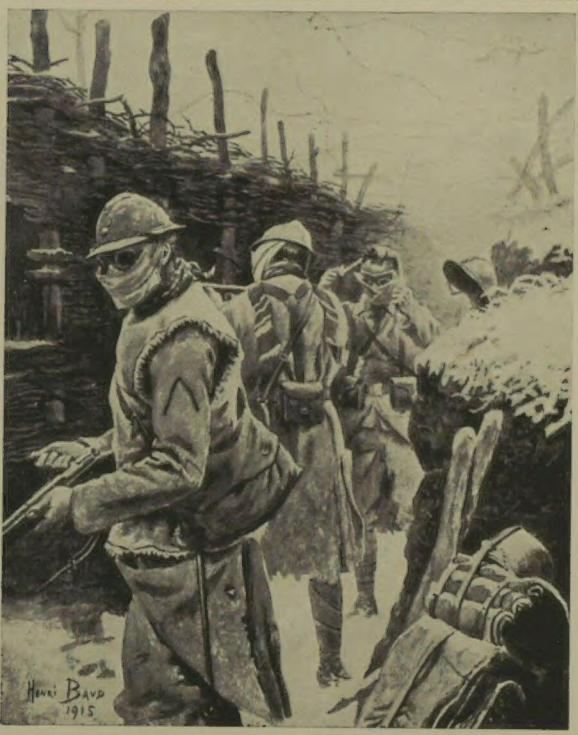
FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"COLONEL CHRISTODOULOS," BY CH. R. DARRIEUX: A SOLDIER-ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS GREEK LEADER, DONE AT THE BALKAN FRONT.



"THE MASKS," BY H. MARTIN: A DRAWING BY A FRENCH SOLDIER EXHIBITED AT THE SALON DES ARMÉES DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.



"THE MASKS," BY BAUD: TWO SOLDIERS IN GAS-MASKS AND A THIRD PUTTING ONE ON—A DRAWING DONE AT THE FRONT.



"MY NURSE," BY PRIVATE CHAUVEL: A FINE EXAMPLE OF SCULPTURE DONE BY A FRENCH SOLDIER WITHIN SOUND OF GERMAN SHELLS.

The artistic talent of the French soldier is wonderfully shown at the Salon des Armées de la République, which, as mentioned on our front page in this issue, was recently opened in the gardens of the Tuileries in Paris. It contains over 3000 exhibits—paintings, drawings, sculptures, and carvings—all done at the front within sound of the German shells. Among the drawings are a number of pencil-portraits of Venizelist leaders by a French soldier at the Salonika front, Ch. R. Darrieux. The subjects include Colonel (now General) Christodoulos, Generals Danglis and Zimbrakakis, and Admiral

Coundouriotis. Taken as a whole, the exhibition is a wonderful reflection of the *poilu's* daily life as seen by himself. The drawings and water-colours are for the most part impressions of scenes in the trenches, ruined villages and wrecked churches, the devastated countryside, German prisoners, and infantry attacks. Both pathos and humour are strongly in evidence. Among the sculptures, the bust entitled "My Nurse," illustrated above, is by the same French soldier as "The Poilu" shown on our front page—namely, Private Chauvel.

ACRES OF SHELLS IN A SINGLE MUNITION-FACTORY: A FRACTION OF BRITAIN'S VAST CROP OF PROJECTILES.



A GREAT BRITISH SHELL-FILLING FACTORY VISITED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING:

A HUGE STORE OF SHELLS THAT COVERS AN AREA OF NEARLY TEN ACRES.

The disaster at an explosives-factory in the East End of London, deplorable as it was in itself, has in one sense served to indicate, by comparison, the immensity of Great Britain's constantly growing output of ammunition. For an official statement issued the day after the explosion said: "We are further informed by the Ministry of Munitions that the accident will make little difference to the output of the factory." Speaking a day or two later at the Mansion House on the precautions taken for the care and safety of ammunition-workers, Dr. Addison, the Minister of Munitions, said: "If you will look at the figures, you will agree that the country has been singularly free from accidents." Some idea of the "mass" of shells filled with these explosives may be obtained from the above photographs of a single munition-factory, and thus representing only a tiny fraction (relatively speaking) of the whole country's enormous production. The presence of the King in one of the photographs affords fresh proof of "His Majesty's untiring interest in all that makes for the efficiency of his Navy and Army, and for a victorious conclusion to the war. Our readers will remember that, in our issue of

January 26, we gave a double-page of diagrams illustrating the large increase, both in size and volume, of the British output of guns and munitions since the beginning of the war. Some of the missing official figures given in connection with those illustrations may well be repeated here. "We are now manufacturing in 81 days the number of 75-mm. shells which we produced during the first year of the war—August 1914 to August 1915; the corresponding quantity of projectiles for field-batteries in 8 days; that for medium guns and howitzers in about 5 days; and that of projectiles for heavy guns and howitzers in little more than one year. Three times as many 153-mm. shells, five times as many 200-mm. shells, and three times as many 300-mm. shells are being made per week as during the whole of the first year of the war. The new 150-mm. Projectiles will supply half of the home supply of heavy shell. These buildings, placed end to end, would run to a total length of 15 miles. They contain over 10,000 machine tools driven by 17 miles of shafting. Their weekly output alone is over 20,000 tons of projectiles. There are 21 million people engaged on Government munition-work, including nearly half a million women."

"BLACK DIAMONDS" AS VALUABLE AS "SILVER BULLETS": SHIPPING COAL.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



ENGINEERING SKILL WHICH ENABLES SEA-GOING COLLIERs TO TAKE ON BOARD

One of the war's industrial activities which is of vital and paramount importance to the Allies for the conduct of operations on many fronts, both on sea and land, is shown in the above illustration. It is at the same time, perhaps, one of which the general public have comparatively little conception, and few opportunities of knowing much about. We see here in progress the process by means of which steam-coal is shipped at a large colliery sea-port whence the Admiralty draw large supplies. The giant coal "tips," the tall steel-girder framework structures shown, represent remarkable engineering ingenuity in their construction and working. Trucks of coal are run on railway lines alongside the "tips," and each halts on a movable platform at

RAILWAY TRUCK-LOADS OF COAL: "TIPS" AT WORK ON A COLLIERY HARBOUR WHARF.

the base of one. Hydraulic machinery thereupon lifts the platform bodily, with the laden truck on it, to the required height, according to the height above the water of the bulwarks of the collier being supplied by the "tip." The truck is then up-ended, and its load of coal shoots down an inclined trough to fall down the hatches into the hold of the collier. Twenty tons weight of coal can be lifted and shot on board each time. The "tip" in the foreground is seen discharging a truck-load from a fairly high elevation. That next it is working at a low elevation. A truck is seen going up in the lift of the third "tip." A truck, after being emptied at the highest working elevation, is seen about to descend in the fourth (extreme left-hand) "tip."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT has long been self-evident that the stormy petrels of Pessimism have come home to roost and to feather the nests of Pacifism. Every bit of bad news which the "ginger" school professed to produce in order to arouse us to fighting has now been annexed by the milk-and-water school as a reason for fighting no longer. Perhaps the strangest fact in this strange war has been the fact that the extreme Jingo journalist and the extreme Quaker journalist have told much the same tale—a tale in both cases equally false in fact, and equally contrary to the common spirit and resolution of the English people. It is probable, indeed, that from Prussia and other distant places the two manifestations seem to be simply identical; and that in a world vivid with colours so much stronger, red with blood or black with mourning, many could not even see the shade of difference between the yellow flag of sensationalism and the white flag of surrender.

The consequence has been the creation of a curious and clumsy fable, which is now far more of a practical obstacle than any fact. There is a vague and very general impression that our experience in the war has been one of unrelieved though not final disaster; whereas in truth it has been one of strictly logical though not rapid success. The Battle of Jutland might well stand as a parable and working model of the Great War. It is something like a new thing in history that a nation should win a victory and then mourn for a defeat. But it is no less comic and no less tragic that even the defeated Prussian should be able to brag and bargain on the basis of a prestige which we have created for him. The whole effect has been produced by idle and irresponsible talking, both of the pacifist and the pessimist sort. And the whole is enough to make one wish that war, like whist, were a game which good manners decreed to be played in silence.

Evidence of the weakness I mean is scattered everywhere through the Press in a way difficult to arrest and define. Here, however, is a phrase I find in the *Nation*, an organ of opinion seemingly open to the approaches of a compromise-peace—

Yet, in facing this problem, the enemy can, at any rate for the moment, count on a nation ready for the greatest sacrifices. In the main, all military operations come to be a question of price. If troops can be persuaded to risk themselves in sufficient numbers, no position has yet been revealed by this war which cannot be taken. Verdun without the relief of the Somme would have scarcely outlasted a month. And, if Verdun could not hold any longer with all that instinctive and trained fighting skill of the French, how can we imagine any position which is beyond capture if Germany will pay the price? She is not faced with a Verdun. Her present plan is to turn the entrenched positions which have been held against her so long.

It is not necessary to have any special military knowledge in order to see that this passage swarms with military fallacies. What is "a Verdun"? And what is it to be faced with one? A Verdun is a débris of empty houses covering one very small space in the North of France—a ruin which only a very stupid German can have been trying to attack, and certainly no intelligent Frenchman especially trying to defend.

Yet the writer talks of a Verdun as if it were some new and enormous and irresistible engine of war. And what precisely is meant by saying that this thing called Verdun would not have outlasted a month? Does it mean that the Germans would really have succeeded in breaking and rolling up the French line in the sector of Verdun? Or does it mean that the French line would afterwards have run a little way behind the clump of dilapidated houses instead of a little way in front of it? The former seems, to say the least of it, highly improbable; and the latter, to say the least of it, not very terrible. The truth is that no war can be a war of positions in the sense in which the word seems to be used here. Campaigns

That seems the only deduction possible from the writer's doctrine. But it seems to have been the very opposite deduction from the one he wished to draw, so he is obliged to end somewhat lamely by saying: "Germany has made almost incredible sacrifices, and is prepared for far more. Are the Allies prepared to go so far for that superlative victory which alone appeals to certain minds?"

As being myself one of the obscure and unprepossessing minds referred to, I would venture very modestly to answer him. May I ask whether we also have not already made sacrifices, and by what right he supposes that we also are not prepared for more?

I can hardly suppose him to suggest that dying for one's country is a discovery exclusively made in Germany. His argument, however, certainly means, if it means anything, that we may grow tired of such tragic effort before the German does. Why this should be so I cannot conceive; but, if it were so, I should count it the most horrible of all possible endings for the war. To abandon our effort because it was vindictive and aggressive, as the Germans say it is, would be one thing. To abandon it because all war is barbaric and sinful, as the Pacifists say it is, would be another and equally logical thing. But to abandon it because we cannot find as much energy for the right as they can find for the wrong would be at once a blasphemy and a bathos. If "a superlative victory" be spiritually essential to the cleansing of European ethics and politics (as "some minds" continue to think, including the mind engaged in spoiling this piece of paper), then surely to fail at the last moment from sheer boredom or loss of nerve is a conclusion not only bankrupt of any national but of any humanitarian meaning. It is an insult to the abstract dignity of virtue that its enemy should be left to develop all the virtues in defence of his vices. It is a sin against the very soul of things that he should be left to love what is hateful more than better men can love what is lovable. Fortunately, as a fact, all this nightmare amounts to no more than a piece of verbal inconsequence. There is not and never has been one rag of reason for doubting that civilisation is capable of as much self-sacrifice as savagery; and, for whatever other cause our "superlative" victory may fail, it will not fail for lack of superlative lives and deaths.

I have taken this one instance of a current observation, almost certainly harmless enough in intention, but unconsciously corrupted by a bad tradition of unreality and rumour. Such passages have no purpose except to insinuate a chill of doubt—a chill which the writer himself has caught he knows not where. They will generally be found to end with a note of interrogation. It does not say "We cannot win," but "Can we win?" The note of interrogation is more dangerous than any dogmatic Pacifism or decisive treason, because it is closer to humanity, and yet none the less close to hell. For it was in this fashion of false inquiry that human nature itself was betrayed; and I could fancy that men drew the Tempter with the curves of a serpent because they can be twisted into the shape of a question mark.



THE PASSING OF A GREAT SCOTTISH CHIEFTAIN: THE SEVENTH DUKE OF ATHOLL, WHO DIED ON JANUARY 20, 1917—AND HIS SUCCESSOR, THE EIGHTH DUKE OF ATHOLL.

With the death of the seventh Duke of Atholl there has passed a great bearer of a historic title. The late Duke was in his seventy-seventh year, and was holder of a number of collateral titles of ancient date, the best known of which is that of Marquess of Tullibardine, the courtesy title adopted by his son and successor. The Duke was Hon. Colonel of a battalion of the Black Watch, President of the Perthshire Territorial Force Association, and Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire, in which county he owned nearly 200,000 acres. The Duke lived and died at Blair Castle among his people, by whom he was honoured and beloved. His eldest son, John George Stewart-Murray, Marquess of Tullibardine, succeeds to his historic title and great estates. The new Duke of Atholl is forty-five, and served in the Soudan Campaign of 1898, when he was twice mentioned in despatches and received the D.S.O. He has also done good service in the present war, and has been mentioned in despatches. In 1899 he married a daughter of Sir James Ramsay, of Banff. [Photographs by L.N.A. and C.N.]

are determined, not by the positive position of towns, but by the relative position of armies. This, as I have said, is a truth manifest to the very minimum of military information; and this involves another and yet plainer application in the present case. If it be true, as the writer suggests, that any position can be taken by a sufficient sacrifice of men, it must plainly be true that the advantage lies with those who have sufficient men to sacrifice. Expenditure is a matter of reserves; and even the Allies in the East, if they suffer in reserves of ammunition, are vastly superior in reserves of men. In the West they are apparently superior in both. If, therefore, sacrifice can take any positions, we can certainly take the German positions.

A PRINCESS AMONG THE WOUNDED: AT A HOSPITAL FOR CANADIANS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



TEACHING FANCY NEEDLEWORK: PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT WITH WOUNDED CANADIANS, IN SURREY.

During the historic Viceroyalty of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in Canada, his Royal Highness not only won golden opinions by the devotion and ability with which he fulfilled the duties of his high office, but H.R.H. the Duchess and the members of the Viceregal and Royal family shared the affection and admiration won by ever-ready willingness to take part in any undertaking for the welfare of the great colony and the happiness of its people. Princess "Pat," as her Royal Highness was called with the familiarity bred of the admiration and affection borne towards her by all who shared

in or witnessed her ever-ready participation in the duties of the Viceroyalty, was popular from first to last. And now that she is back in the Old Country, the Princess spares no effort to show her interest in the brave men who have fought and suffered for the Empire in the ranks of the Canadian Forces. In addition to other war-work, her Royal Highness devotes every Thursday afternoon to teaching various forms of needlework and fancy work to wounded Canadians in a hospital. The men prove apt pupils, and very appreciative of the kindness of the Princess. [Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MAKING BULLETS FOR SHRAPNEL-SHELL—THE "MAN-

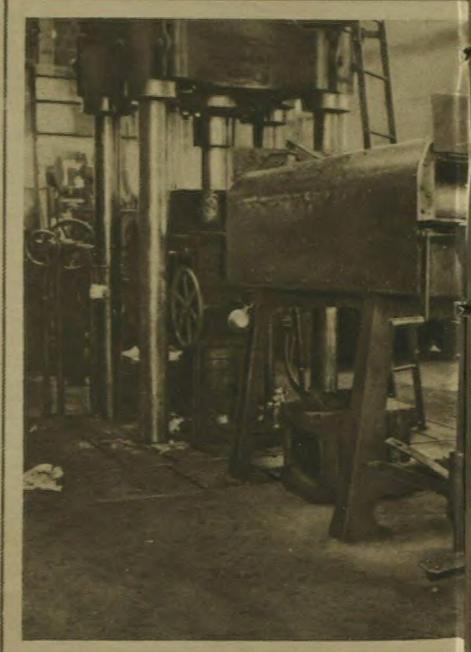
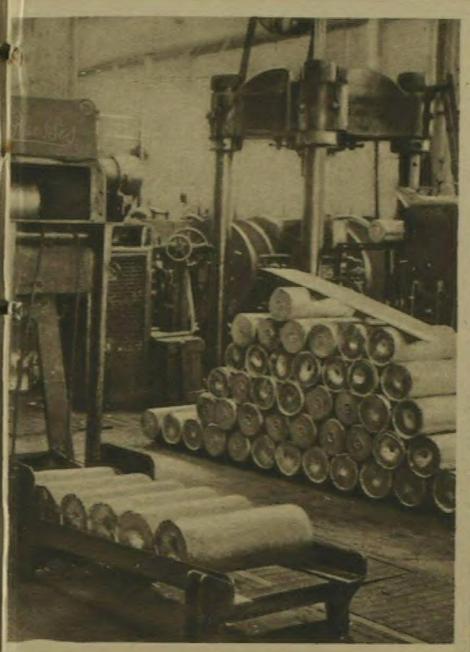
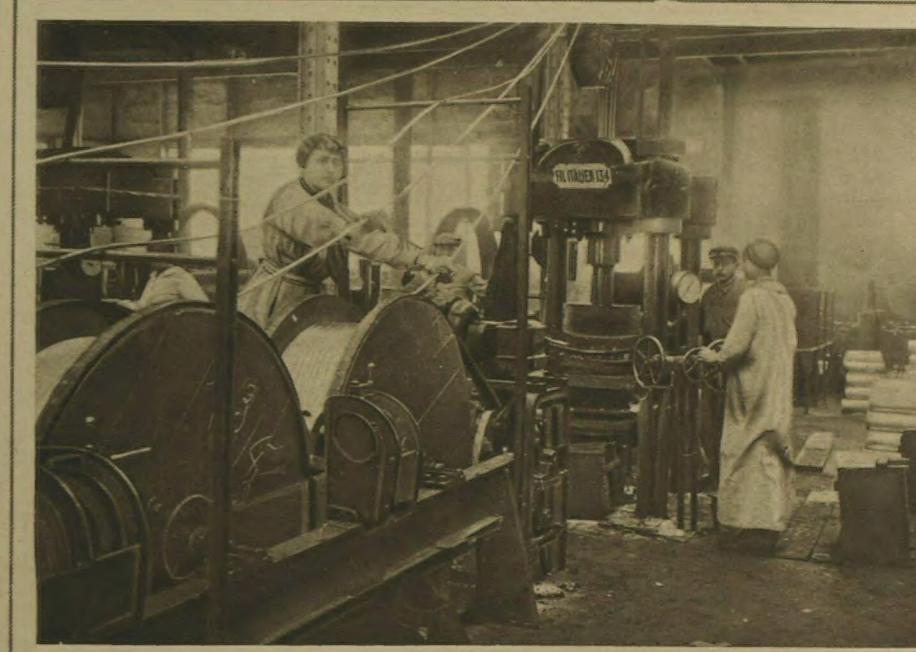
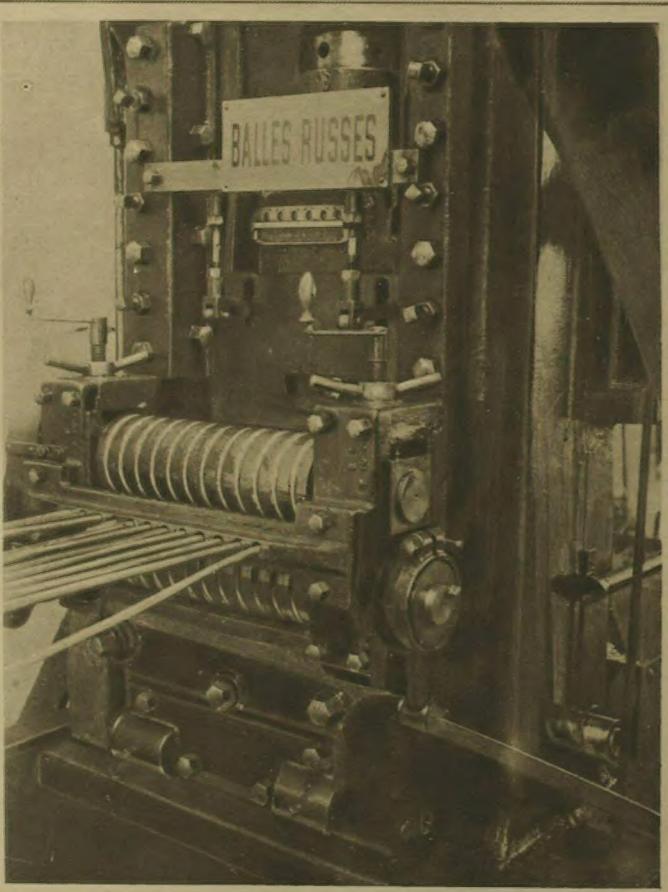
FRENCH OFFICIAL

KILLING PROJECTILE": IN A FRENCH MUNITION-FACTORY.

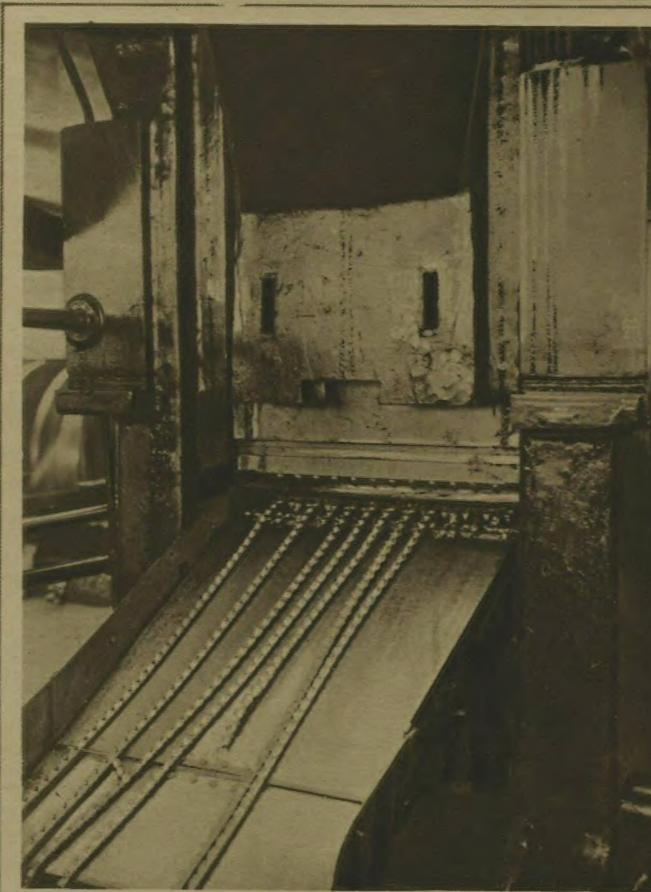
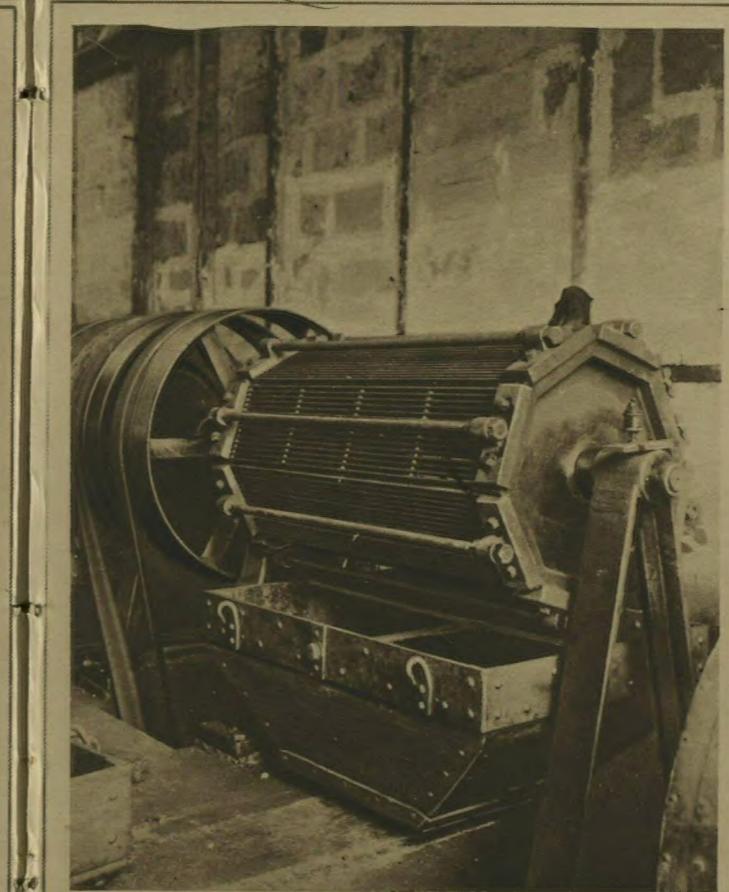
PHOTOGRAPHS



ONE OF THE PRELIMINARY PROCESSES IN THE MANUFACTURE: MIXING THE LEAD-AMALGAM IN A FOUNDRY CAULDRON.

THE MIXED AMALGAM IN CYLINDRICAL
INGOTS STACKED ANDINGOTS READY FOR MECHANICAL TREATMENT:
WAITING TO BE MOVED ON.WINDING THE HARDENED LEAD-AMALGAM, AFTER CONVERSION INTO PIPING, ON TO REELS:
A WOMAN WORKER CONTROLLING THE WINDING-ON PROCESS.

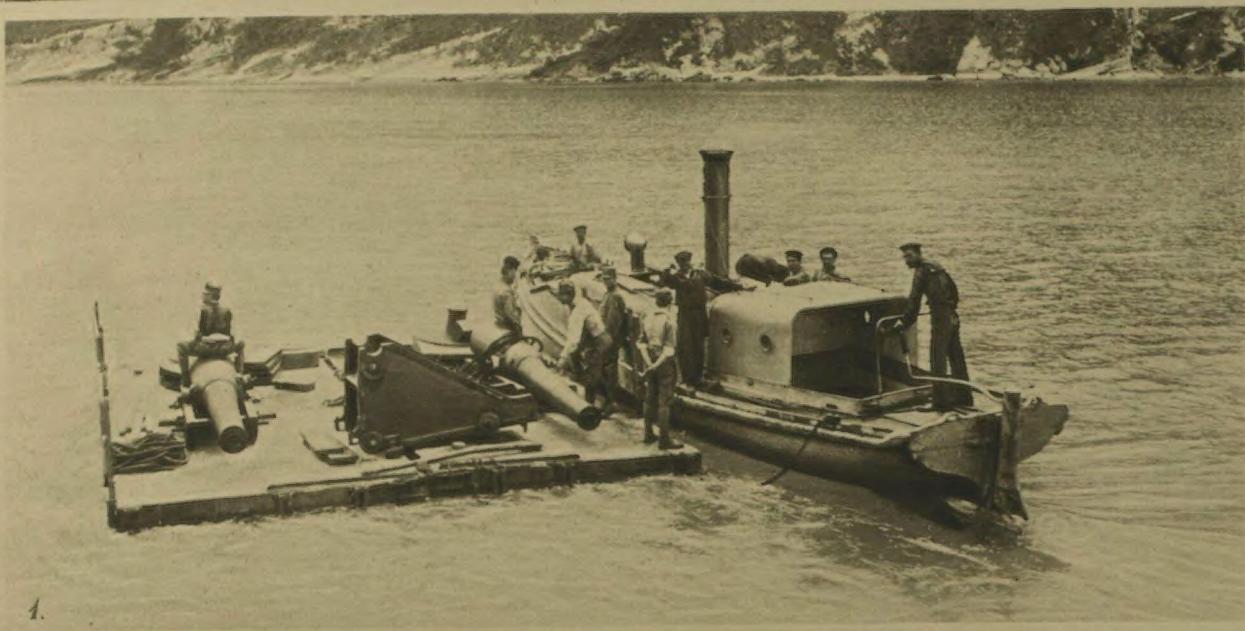
A STAMPING-OUT MACHINE AT WORK: SOLID-DRAWN PIPING PASSING INTO A RECEIVER—TO ISSUE AS BULLETS.

ON LEAVING THE STAMPING-OUT MACHINE: THE LEADEN RIBBON EMERGING
STUDDED WITH BULLETS FOR CUTTING OFF.IN A WORKSHOP FOR FINAL PROCESSES: THE MACHINE FOR MAKING
THE FINISHED BULLET EXACTLY SPHERICAL.PRACTICALLY THE LAST OPERATION OF ALL: SORTING OUT BY HAND
THE BULLETS FOR CERTAIN SIZES OF SHELLS.

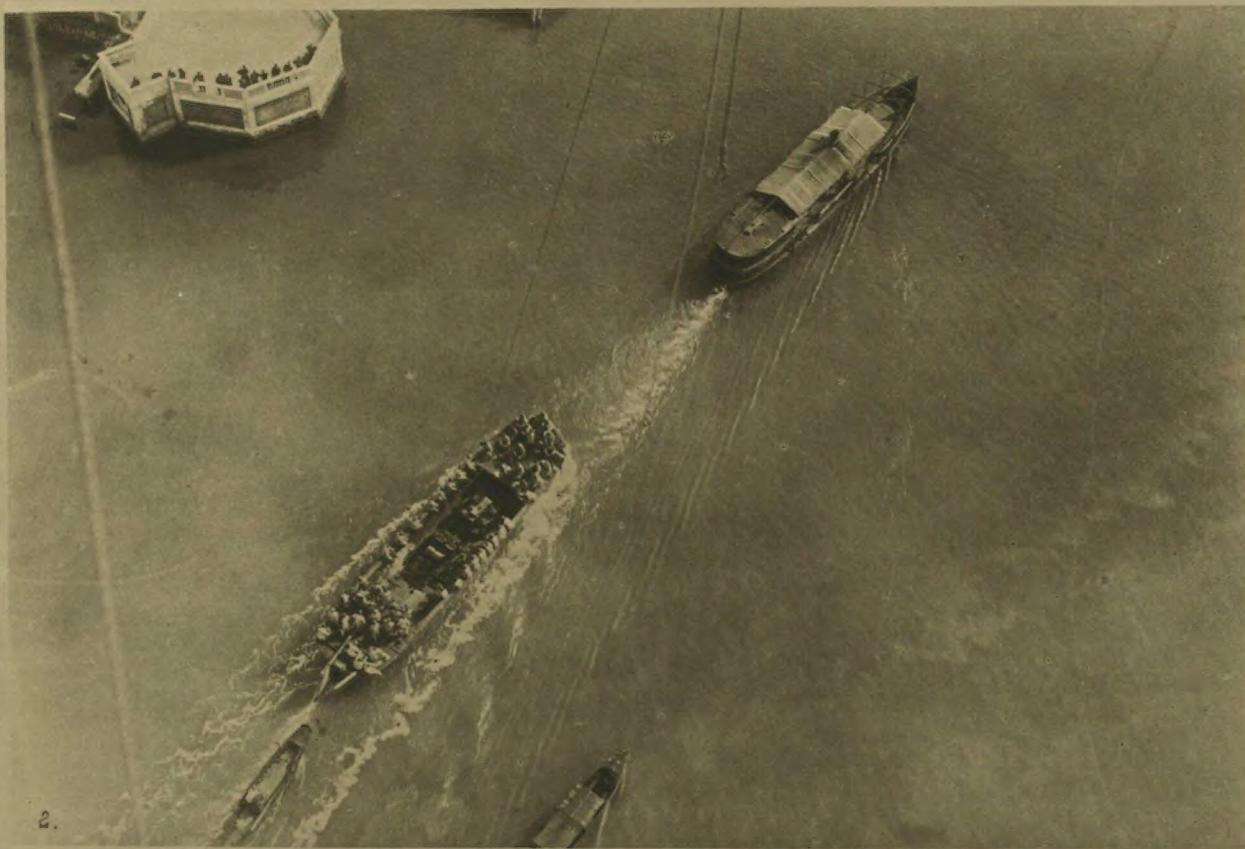
Probably more shrapnel than any other kind of shell is being turned out by the munition-factories everywhere, alike in France and England. Shrapnel is essentially the battlefield artillery projectile—the "man-killing projectile," it has been called. The shell is filled with bullets and is fused to burst a little in front of and over its "target," the released bullets spreading fan-wise and covering a wide area as they descend. More rounds of shrapnel than of anything else are carried in the limbers and battery wagons of the French "75's," and, as these can fire at a rate of twenty-five aimed shots a minute, the immense shell-expenditure may be imagined. Our illustrations show certain processes in the making of

the shrapnel-bullets at a French munition-factory. The bullets, it may be added, are spherical in shape; not cylindrical, like rifle-bullets. A British artillery officer, Colonel Henry Shrapnel, originally invented the projectile in 1804, after several years of experiment, and his name was given to it. Shrapnel shells were first used in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo, and their deadly effect led to the general adoption of the projectile by all armies. They have undergone various developments in construction in modern times, but from the first have remained the field-guns' stand-by and principal projectile.

THE ITALIAN NAVY IN THE WAR: EVERYDAY SEA-WORK.



DURING LANDING-PARTY OPERATIONS AT A MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND: LIGHT SHIP'S GUNS BEING TOWED ASHORE ON A RAFT.



AIR-SCOUTING WORK IN THE ADRIATIC: A VIEW SEEN FROM AN OBSERVATION-BALLOON BEING BROUGHT TO LAND NEAR VENICE.

The Navy of our Italian Ally is as actively employed as our own and that of the French, both in the Adriatic and in the Eastern Mediterranean. It was, off a certain island "somewhere" in the latter quarter that the upper of this pair of photographs was taken. It shows a landing-party from an Italian war-ship taking a couple of light naval guns ashore. The guns are being landed by means of a raft which the war-ship's picket-boat is guiding in, with the raft made fast broadside-on to the picket-boat. In the lower illustration we have a bird's-eye view of Italian naval service craft in the neighbourhood of Venice, while in the act of bringing in to land an observation, or

"sausage," balloon, from which the vessels below were photographed. As an overhead view on the sea, the picture obtained is incidentally interesting as giving an exact representation of the "bow-waves," or furrows in the water, cut by moving vessels, and also the regularity of the lines of the wake on a smooth surface as they tail off astern. Some little time ago there was a scientific discussion in official Admiralty circles connected with the construction of ships, on the subject of bow-wave-angles and water resistance in regard to various types of ships' bows. The illustration above has in that connection an added and larger interest.

ITALY'S NAVY IN THE WAR: LAYING MINES ON A MINE-FIELD.



TACTICS AT WHICH THE ITALIANS MATCH THEIR AUSTRIAN ANTAGONISTS: AN ITALIAN MINE-LAYER AT WORK WHILE UNDER WAY.

Completeness of organisation and equipment in every detail is the Italian guiding principle in regard to everything to do with both their Army and their Navy. Before the war, indeed, the thoroughgoing efficiency of the Italian Navy was specially marked in every respect. In the opinion of official experts, its "battle-worthiness" was far above the fleet's apparent strength numerically in all classes of fighting craft. The Italian Navy's efficiency in the war with Turkey in 1912-13 surprised Europe. One of the departments

in which the Italian Navy has for years past shown marked progress is in everything to do with torpedo, submarine, and mining work, with which the subject of the above illustration of an Italian mine-layer at work has to do. In the photograph a mine-laying vessel is seen under way, at work sowing her freight of mines on a mine-field. The mines are shown ranged along the sides of the vessel. All are in readiness to be dropped overboard at carefully charted points along the vessel's course.

FROM A FAMOUS FRENCH WAR-ARTIST'S SKETCH-

BOOK: DRAWINGS AT VERDUN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

A BIG AFRICAN SOLDIER WOUNDED IN THE HAND:
"WHAT A STUDY FOR A PAINTER!"THE KITCHEN AT A BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS: GERMAN PRISONERS
CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN PAST THE DOOR.IN THE TELEPHONE-CABIN: THE OPERATOR
AND RUNNERS.COLLAPSED: AN EXHAUSTED SOLDIER AND A COMRADE ABOUT TO CARRY HIM
ON HIS BACK."NACH VERDUN": GERMAN PRISONERS ESCORTED
TO THE REAR.DÉJEUNER AT A BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS: THE ARRIVAL OF A RUNNER—
"A STATUE OF MUD."

A POSTE DE SECOURS: WOUNDED MEN ARRIVING AT A DRESSING-STATION—ON THE RIGHT SOME GERMAN PRISONERS.

M. Georges Scott, the famous French war-artist, has given in these interesting sketches a reminiscence of a visit he paid recently to a French brigade headquarters near Verdun. On the way to the front he passed a number of German prisoners, in parties of twenty escorted by two French soldiers, making their way to the rear through a desert of mud. A few stray Germans inquired the way, asking "Nach Verdun?" Describing his arrival at the *poste de commandement*, M. Scott writes: "I enter, stooping, for the ceiling is low. (Once more I appreciate the utility of the helmet which so happily protects one's skull) Two flights to descend—then a telephone-post. On the landing are fixed some candles. To the left is a little door with a wooden latch. 'Here we are. I knock, and a deep voice says, 'Entrez.' I am now inside the cave. The Colonel greets me, with his staff captain and a sub-lieutenant. They were awaiting me for *déjeuner*: the table was laid, with a serviette for cloth, and lit by candles stuck in pieces of wood. All one end of the table was covered with maps and plans. In the silence of this subterranean retreat, a contrast to the noise outside, the officers at once ask me for news of what is going forward in Paris. We chat, interrupted every moment

by telephone-calls. Then a knock at the door, and a figure appears, looking like a statue of mud. It is a runner, who hands the Colonel a letter doubly enveloped in mud. 'I am sorry, Colonel,' he says, 'It was a shell that burst near me and buried me.' The Colonel signs a receipt on the envelope; the muddy figure salutes and disappears." Presently they went out into the upper air. "Near the headquarters," continues M. Scott, "is a *poste de secours*. . . . I find in this scene the strongest impression of the awful brutality of war. I also find in it an incomparable example of the endurance and heroism of our soldiers. Not a murmur of complaint passes their lips." One picturesque figure arrested the artist's eye. "A big black man, his face covered with oily mud that ran in ridges of clear yellow on his black skin, wore on his head and round his neck, in the Arab style, a scarf of brilliant red. His helmet, all dinted, was balanced on his head. His body was a mass of dirty yellow cloth, made shapeless by mud. One hand, wounded, was wrapped in a white dressing, which threw the whole figure into relief. What a study for a painter, and how reality surpasses all imagination!"—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



"KAMERAD!" GERMANS SURRENDERING ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

DRAWN BY LUCIEN JONAS. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

FEEDING THE GUNS: A "STRAFE" BY BIG BRITISH HOWITZERS.

DRAWN BY

C. MICHAEL.



IN HOT ACTION—SHELLS AND MORE SHELLS AND STILL MORE SHELLS: A GUNNER TEAM HUSTLING UP A TROLLEY-LOAD OF HOWITZER SHELLS TO THEIR GUN.

Thanks to the vast quantities of heavy-artillery ammunition which our war-workers in the munition-factories at home have turned out during the past year, and are now adding to daily, our gunners at the front can "strafe" the enemy as much and as fast as they will. They have unlimited stores to draw upon, and have only to "feed" the guns in action fast enough. That means, as our illustration of the scene in the middle of a hot bombardment vividly depicts, intense activity at the highest pressure for the gun-teams and spare men—for one and all. In the foreground, a close-packed throng of artillermen are seen hustling a heavy trolley-load of big shells along a set of rails laid from the nearest magazine—"dump"—near by for expediting the getting-up of ammunition to the actual firing-points. The urgency is pressing, and the men are hauling with drag-ropes "for all they are worth."

at the ponderous load of huge projectiles. Others in rear are helping to shove the trolley along yet faster. Shells, half the size of those seen, weigh a couple of hundred-weight apiece. The leading drag-rope men of other trolley teams with shells are seen coming up close by. In the foreground to the left is seen an officer, beckoning up a further supply. Even through a megaphone such as he holds, it is at times impossible to make the voice heard in the incessant din and reverberation all round. Another officer with a megaphone is seen in rear of the nearest howitzer, which, at the moment shown in our illustration, is being fired. The keen, eager faces of all, officers and men, vividly betoken the stress and strain of the emergency. Two other large-calibre howitzers are seen further along, in the background of the illustration.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BEGINNING OF THE
BYZANTINE EMPIRE, 330 A.D. AS A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.



THE INTERIOR OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE;
THE PLAN OF WHICH WAS SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMUS OF TRALLEIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453,
& THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"A MIGHTY HUNTER."

A GREAT Englishman, in the person of Captain A. Frederick Courtenay Selous, D.S.O., has gone to his last long rest, "killed in action." As a hunter, Selous was famous throughout the world. But he was more than this. He bore no small part in consolidating our hold on Africa, and he was also a great naturalist; hence it is but fitting that he should find a place in this column, even if it may seem to some that my tribute comes a little late in the day, and though I am painfully conscious of my inability to do him justice. It was with a feeling of dismay that his admirers, and they were legion, heard on the 6th of January of his death in his country's cause, though with our grief there was surely something both of envy and of pride—envy that we could not hope to die as he had died, and pride that it was ours to have known him. Though I feel as if another of the strands which anchor me here had snapped, I am proud of the privilege that was mine, for nigh on twenty years, to be counted among his friends.

He surely might have stood aside and watched, when the dogs of war were let loose, for he was already advanced in years. But no; during the first few weeks of the great conflict he chafed at home, railing against the powers that be, who ordained that he should look on, being, they told him, too old to fight. Too old to fight! How that assurance stung him! Leaving no stone unturned to have his will, at last he found himself gazetted, at sixty-three years old, a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers (Legion of Frontiersmen) and on his way to Africa, the country he loved so well. Vividly do I remember his almost boyish delight at the prospect before him, and I wondered, as we parted outside the Natural History Museum and I watched his upright bearing and elastic step, when and whether we should ever meet again. We did, I am thankful to say, but a few short months ago, when he was home on leave, fresh from that great fight which took place for the possession of the town of Bukoba and the destruction of its wireless station. Here it was that he won the D.S.O. How they set out across Lake Victoria Nyanza, under the cover of darkness, for that great adventure, and the great part he played therein, has not yet been told, and I may do no more than refer to it. But no greater tribute could have been paid to him by those in command than the honour which was his to land with the first boat-load, and hold the enemy in check while the remainder of the force made their way ashore. But a yet further privilege was his. He was asked to choose twenty men, and make his way

through the bush and banana plantations, in order to find the road through the swamps which lay between the invading force and the town. Since at any moment they might have fallen into an ambush, this task was full of peril; but he accomplished his mission successfully. As a test of endurance, that expedition was a severe one. Tropical rains, swamps, and bitter cold nights conspired against them; and in addition, save for a few sodden biscuits, no food passed their lips till all was over and they returned to their ships, after burying their dead.

means new to him. The British Museum and the museum in Cape Town owe priceless specimens to his generosity. In like manner he enriched these institutions with gifts of big-game animals, collected not only in Africa, but in the New World as well. One of the finest and most impressive of the exhibition cases in the Mammal Gallery of the British Museum of Natural History is that containing two magnificent specimens of the caribou, mounted, as were the trophies in his own museum, by Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly.

Of his brilliant achievements as a hunter, his hairbreadth escapes from death, his absolute fearlessness and resourcefulness, and his tactfulness with savage races, many of his friends have already borne witness in the numerous obituary notices which have been written as a last tribute to a great man. But, so far, I have seen no appreciation of his inestimable services to science: yet his books afford a mine of wealth for generations yet unborn in regard to the wild fastnesses of Africa before the days of railways.



PERCHERON MARES IMPORTED FROM FRANCE TO IMPROVE THE BREED OF ARMY HORSES:
LORD LONSDALE (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. OVERMAN CHOOSING ANIMALS FOR STUD PURPOSES.

Among his men he was known either as "young Selous" or as "the old man who never looks back." While sickness played havoc with his regiment during this first phase of the fighting, he was one of the very few who escaped, and he attributed this to the fact that he allowed himself no "leisure." When off duty, he was out after butterflies. When he returned home

language, migrations, habits, and customs he has recorded much that otherwise would have been lost to us for ever. He was a keen observer, and kept careful notes.

No less are we indebted to him for his innumerable observations on the habits of the animals which

he hunted—creatures which, over large areas, are now extinct. For him, the fascination of hunting lay not so much in the killing as in the risks which it involved. He revelled also in the problem presented by the study of these animals in regard to their haunts, and more especially in all that concerns the significance of their coloration. Like his old friend Colonel Roosevelt, with whom he hunted, he refused to go more than a very little way with those who championed the theory of protective coloration, and he gave very cogent reasons for his scepticism in this matter. It is well that he has placed his views on these themes on record, for they will prove of lasting value to those who come after him. While beyond question he has shown that we have, in many cases, strained this theory to the breaking-point, he has incidentally furnished us with valuable evidence in its favour.



A PERCHERON MARE BEING PUT THROUGH HER PAGES: LORD LONSDALE AND MR. OVERMAN,
WITH AN ARMY REMOUNT STAFF OFFICER, LOOKING ON.

A number of Percheron mares have been imported from France, by permission of the French Government, to improve the breed of horses for the Army. On the occasion illustrated, Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Overman took six each for stud purposes, tossing for first pick. In our issue of January 13, Mr. W. P. Pycraft dealt with this subject of war-horse breeding, and gave interesting particulars of the Percherons, which come from the province of Perche, and are much prized by Normandy peasants. They are said to have proved better than Shire Horses for military purposes, but Mr. Pycraft prefers the Suffolk Punch.

Photographs by Sport and General.

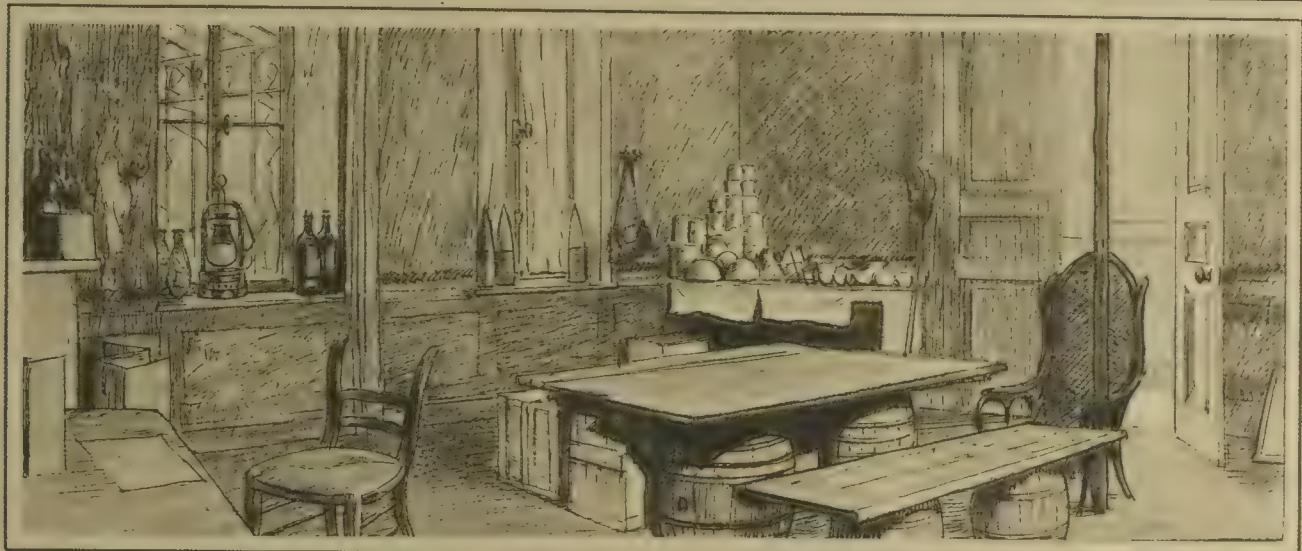
on the short spell of leave which he had so richly earned, in the summer, he brought with him a collection of no less than 3000 butterflies and moths. I can picture him now, as he lovingly displayed his captures to me. After the war, he said, he was going to take up the study of butterflies, as he was getting too old for big-game hunting. But this form of sport was by no

He died the death he would have had. He rests where he would have rested—in his beloved Africa, which he served so well. He helped throughout his life to build up our Empire; he died in defending it from a rapacious and unscrupulous foe; and in this, as in all things else, he has left us a great example.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF WAR: MÉNAGE IN BILLET AND DUG-OUT.

DRAWN BY A FORESTIER FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.



WITH DOORS RESTING ON BARRELS FOR TABLE AND BENCH, AND A "BOOBY-TRAP" CHAIR: THE MESS-ROOM IN A HOUSE WHERE BRITISH OFFICERS ARE BILLETED.



IN A BRITISH DUG-OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: USING THE TELEPHONE.



IN A BRITISH DUG-OUT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE MESS-ROOM.

People at home give little thought, as a rule, to the domestic side of war, being more interested in "news of battle," but to the man on active service his domestic arrangements are a matter of great if not prime importance. He studies the art of living as well as the art of killing, and the former perhaps occupies at least as much of his time as the latter, especially during the winter months when big battles are not going on and things are, comparatively, quiet. Luxury is not the prevailing note of life in British billets and dug-outs on the Western Front, whatever may be the case with the Germans.

But if the furniture and appointments of our men's quarters are not sumptuous, at any rate the food is good and plentiful, and there is much ingenuity shown in arranging a ménage with improvised material. Thus, of the billet illustrated in the upper drawing, one of the occupants writes: "This is our mess-room. We have furnished it with barrels and doors for tables. This is the only decent chair (on the left); the wicker one at the other end is a booby-trap." He also draws attention to "our side-board (!) in the corner opposite by the double doors."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LOSING SOME INMATES BY THE ANGLO-GERMAN EXCHANGE

THE UPPER DRAWING BY HENRY THOMSON, C. G. I.

OF CIVILIAN PRISONERS: RUHLEBEN INTERNMENT CAMP.

PRISONER FROM BRUSSELS, LATE OF BARRACK 4, BOX 2.



BARRACKS Nos. 1-10: STABLES OF TWO FLOORS. GROUND FLOOR—HORSE BOXES: 4 MEN EACH BOW. NO. 11: GUARD POST. NO. 12: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 13: NEGROES' BARRACK. NO. 14: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 15: HOT WATER "HOT" BATH. NO. 16: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 17: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 18: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 19: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 20: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 21: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 22: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 23: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 24: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 25: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 26: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 27: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 28: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 29: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 30: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 31: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 32: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 33: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 34: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 35: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 36: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 37: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 38: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 39: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 40: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 41: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 42: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 43: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 44: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 45: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 46: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 47: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 48: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 49: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 50: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 51: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 52: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 53: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 54: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 55: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 56: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 57: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 58: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 59: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 60: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 61: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 62: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 63: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 64: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 65: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 66: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 67: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 68: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 69: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 70: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 71: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 72: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 73: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 74: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 75: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 76: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 77: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 78: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 79: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 80: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 81: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 82: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 83: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 84: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 85: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 86: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 87: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 88: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 89: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 90: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 91: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 92: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 93: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 94: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 95: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 96: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 97: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 98: GUARD HOUSE. NO. 99: GUARD HOUSE.

HEATING BY STEAM-PIPES: TOTALLY INADEQUATE

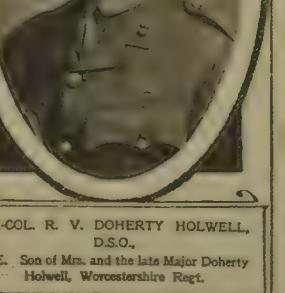
27 October, 1916

SHOWING THE STABLES USED AS BARRACKS FOR PRISONERS, THE GRAND STANDS, KOMMANDANTUR, CASINO, HOSPITAL,

BY DOCTOR

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAMBERT, JEROME, RUSSELL AND SONS, LONDON STEROSCOPIC CO., ELLIOTT AND FEV, AND LAFAYETTE.

			
BRIG-GENERAL R. H. W. DUNN, Late R. Welsh Fusiliers. Son of Major-Gen. William Dunn, R.A. Was J.P. and D.L. for Flintshire.	CAPTAIN KENNETH WATERHOUSE, Lancs Fus. Son of late Mr. J. Waterhouse, Hale, Cheshire.	CAPTAIN A. LEE WOOD, Lancashire Fusiliers. Killed in action. Resided at Bramhall, Cheshire.	LIEUT-COL ARTHUR KENNARD, Royal Field Artillery (formerly of the Scottish Horse). Has been officially reported killed in action.
			
LIEUT EDWARD CROZIER MACBRYAN, Somerset L.I. Son of Mr. H. C. MacBryan, Kingsdown House, Box, Wilts.	2ND LIEUT. OWEN M. DAVIS, East Yorkshire Regt. Officially reported as being killed.	LIEUT. GILBERT LY Manchester Regt. Son of Mr. Frederick Lye, a director of John Bright Bros., Rochdale.	
			
LIEUT. ERIC CLARK, R. Flying Corps. Son of the Mayor of Midsomer Norton, Councillor G. Foster Clark. Officially reported killed.	2ND LIEUT. AND ADJT. JOHN S. PALMER, Durham L.I. Son of Mr. T. Palmer, East Sheen Avenue.	2ND LIEUT. F. G. LECHLER, Punjabis. Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Lechler, Yercaud, S. India.	2ND LIEUT. F. L. SHARPEN, Bedfordshire Regt. Son of Rev. F. N. Sharpen, M.A., of Bexhill, formerly Archdeacon of Bombay.
			
VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, R.N. Volunteer Reserve. Was Page of Honour to Queen Victoria and King Edward the Seventh. Killed on special duty.	LIEUT. R. A. HILDYARD, King's Own, R. Lancs Regt. Son of Major and Mrs. H. R. Hildyard, of Hythe, Kent.	2ND LIEUT. P. J. BELLAIRS, Shropshire Light Infantry. Son of Mr. W. D. Bellairs, Sundorne Castle, Shrewsbury.	2ND LIEUT. J. ERNEST MOTHERWELL, Royal Irish Rifles. Officially reported as being killed.
			
	2ND LIEUT. P. STEPHEN KOE, York and Lancaster Regt. Officially reported killed.	2ND LIEUT. W. MERCER ALEXANDER, Highland L.I. Son of Mr. John Alexander, Dundee.	LIEUT-COL R. V. DOHERTY HOLWELL, D.S.O., R.E. Son of Mrs. and the late Major Doherty Holwell, Worcestershire Regt.



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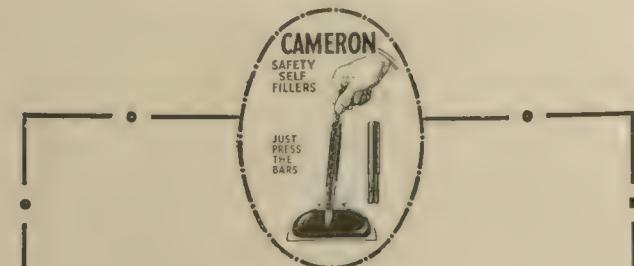
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"UNDER COVER," AT THE STRAND.

THE new play on which Mr. Matheson Lang has pinned his faith, with good reason, at the Strand is a variety of the ever-popular American "crook" drama, its novelty being its exposure of the rogues who use or used the law to prey upon lesser transgressors at the New York Customs House. The villains of Mr. Roi Cooper-Megue's story are Customs officials who blackmail well-to-do smugglers, force a charming girl to turn spy on the man she loves, and are pitted against an adversary—this same lover of hers—who has the look of being and performs all the daring feats of an arch-criminal. So, in addition to the apparatus of revolver flourishes and police whistles and calls for "hands up," and a helter-skelter race through a fashionable house, you get the "Fédora" motif re-handled and tense scenes of emotion between the "spy" and her victim. Here is a lover who in self-defence has to lay traps for his sweetheart, and to lock the unwilling traitress up in his bedroom and threaten to compromise her if she does not make confession. All that makes thrilling enough melodrama; but the author has a fresh surprise for you in his last act, when you find that the hero you have been admiring as a new Raffles in his victories over the officers of the law is no "crook" after all, but an arch-detective attacking single-handed crooks who take cover under the law's uniform. An excellent example of its type, "Under Cover" has but one fault—that its beginning is rather dull and diffuse; but the ingenuity and excitement of all the rest make ample atonement. It has a fine part for Mr. Lang, who under an agreeable suavity of manner shows as hero the right sort of forcefulness and resource; and there is an even finer part for Mr. James Carew, whose blackmailer is as humorous in defeat as he is grim when he thinks himself top-dog. With these two actors at their best, and Miss Jessie Winter

proving equal to all the heroine's emotional opportunities, the play makes good in London as in America, and really merits the run which seems in store for it.

Economy is very much, and very properly, in the air just now; and in view of the increase in the cost of artificial light, it is fortunate for consumers of electricity that a new form of lamp is available that produces nearly eight times the light that could be obtained from a lamp

KEATS AS A COLOUR-BOOK.

THERE is always a welcome for a new edition of Keats, especially when it has been edited by a living poet, and when it contains such interesting accessories as an introduction by the Poet Laureate and colour-pictures by a well-known artist. Such is the case with "The Poetical Works of John Keats," edited by Laurence Binyon, with a critical essay by Robert Bridges, illustrated in colour by Claude A. Shepperson, A.R.W.S. (Hodder and Stoughton). As regards the colour-plates, Mr. Shepperson's fine work is familiar to our readers, and in illustrating Keats he has found (as what artist would not?) a congenial task. In choosing his subjects, he ranges from realistic English landscape, as represented by a distant view of Salisbury Cathedral and a bit of the Cornish coast, to scenes of mythical fantasy, such as the "Bath of Diana" and the "Visit of Venus to Endymion," in which latter the artist obtains quite a Turnerian effect, or the scene with Hermes and the Snake in "Lamia." The Poet Laureate's Introduction appears to be an essay which he wrote some twenty-two years ago, and has revised for inclusion in this volume. He is not sparing in his criticism, and this lends all the more weight to his opening words: "If one English poet might be recalled to-day from the dead to continue the work which he left unfinished on earth, it is probable that the crown of his country's desire would be set on the head of John Keats, for he was smitten down in his youth, in the very maturing of

powers which, having already produced work of almost unrivalled beauty, held a promise of incredible things." Mr. Binyon points out in a short editorial note that his aim has been to include all the best of Keats's poetry, and to relate the selection as far as possible to Mr. Bridges' essay. It includes the dramatic fragment, "King Stephen." Who knows what Keats might not have done in drama, had he lived?



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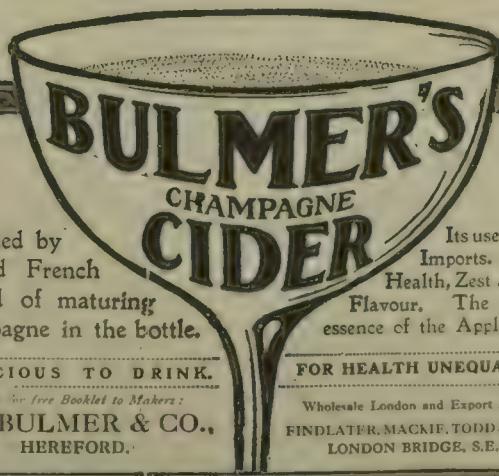
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LADIES' PAGE.

If we had any doubt that fashion affects men as well as our sex, we should easily find proof of it in the variations of their custom in wearing the hair with which Nature unkindly burdens them, poor things, on their visages. It is now so much "out of fashion" amongst men to wear any hirsute display at all, that one may almost recognise a middle-aged man in any assembly by his possession of even a full-grown moustache. The discontent amongst the New Army with an order that used to exist compelling officers to wear a moustache has produced the most comic little dabs of unwilling, brush-like growth left, but very closely mown indeed, immediately beneath each nostril: when the hair happens to be quite black, it looks exactly like an accidental smudge and nothing more! In fact, so many of the dear, brave boys who have been having a clean shave since they were about fifteen have shown themselves so unwilling to allow a moustache to grow that the powers-that-be have found time, amidst a thousand important preoccupations, to modify this standing order, and now a young officer may be quite clean-shaven if so he prefers.

I suppose if we women were polled as to our wishes and preferences in this matter—in which, surely we have a strong personal interest!—there would be diverse opinions. Hair on the face is plainly a sign of virility, of that difference that makes for attractiveness. Leigh Hunt says that he had heard of a Queen of France who "took part with the rebels against that degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own"; and then he unreels from his marvellous memory a string of great names of bearded men. "The Emperor Julian revived the flowing beard. Look at Michael Angelo's picture—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's—I could name a great man for every tick of my watch." But, be it noted, Leigh Hunt himself was clean-shaven. With equal inconsistency, an equally delightful essayist of the present day, M. Anatole France, who himself wears a noble, long-ended moustache, and also a long-pointed chin-beard, in his dream of the future, says that the men of the fanciful state of which he tells, "had long given up cutting out patterns and designs in hair on their countenances, regarding such habits as a 'relic of the barbarous practice of tattooing.' Nobody can doubt that 'clean' shaving is, as it says, cleanly—yet wearers of beards declare that to cut those excrescences off is wilfully to abandon a kind provision of Providence against catching cold. Hygiene on other grounds, we cannot think it, in these days of terrible microbes, likely to be caught and held in leach in the facial thickets till they can charge into the mouth.

As to looks, we may each have her personal fancy on that score. No doubt, there will be a good many women, like her in the French story of "The Lady who Wanted to



A CHARMING TEA-GOWN.

Composed of old-blue charmeuse, the coatee being of light-yellow Ninon embroidered in both colourings.

Eat Glue," who said to her husband, much ruffled at the idea of going to buy some material for this odd repast: "Now you bristle up your moustachinettes, and I love you like that—you resemble a lion, and I have always liked *ces bêtes-lâ*." But, in the words of the old carol, "God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay"; all the "points" of the beloved please, and if you win your lady's heart, she will admire you, shaven or heavily bearded, as you like it—and, by the way, does not Rosalind, in the Epilogue to the play whose title I have just quoted, propose to "kiss all men whose beards please me," if they praise the play—an indication of how usual beards were in Shakespeare's day.

Censors of women in the matter of fashions at this crisis, to whom Mr. Lloyd George added himself at the Mansion House, often fail to differentiate between what they read in the newspapers "is to be" worn, and what they really and truly see the enormous majority, practically the whole, of the female sex actually wearing. Naturally, the dress-business people want to make startling changes of fashion; but while they get new and strange ideas in modes described, and even illustrated, they do not themselves even stock these strange new things, for they know that women are not really buying any *outré* designs. We are told, now, that one great Paris dressmaker is going to introduce for the spring skirts like a barrel, caught in round the feet and widely hooped at the knees; and again, that another high authority is going to make us wear skirts just to touch the ground—that most inconvenient and dirty of all possible lengths. Well, "wait and see"! I am sure that both English and French ladies (I mean *ladies*) will not permit such things, at present; and let nobody suppose that they really have done so, because of these "kite" paragraphs.

A mode that makes for economy is to be fashionable this spring in the use of a skirt and bodice of different materials; but, of course, in the same colour, and harmonised by a little trimming, not merely a casual wearing of any skirt and any blouse. The velvets and velveteens of the day are so pliable and thin that they are suited for wear even in warm weather; and a corsage of this fabric, with a serge or wool-back satin skirt of like colour, but perhaps different shade, is indicated; or the new firm *crêpe-de-Chine*, very durable, and graceful in folds, is allied with a face-cloth or gaberdine skirt. A pouched waist is in favour for these different bodices; in fact, the shirt or blouse idea is thus applied to compound a complete costume. It can be adapted, also, to a high or semi-Empire high-waist effect, which suits some figures better than the low pouched effect, for in this respect we are now eclectic. In this case, there is no real waist-line at all: the pliable material of the skirt is put on rather full to the edge of the velvet or other firm-material corsage portion. Chiffon and Georgette and similar soft fabrics are intermixed with stalwart fabrics, serges and velveteens, and so on, quite freely, in early spring models, as hip-yokes, and sleeves, and vests, and so on.

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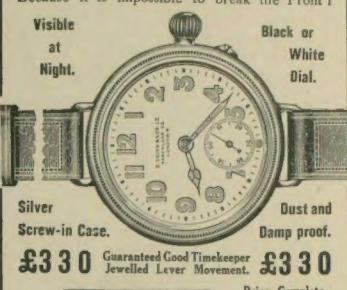
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"Why?"

"Because leather, especially glace kid for uppers, was never known to be so high in price as it is to-day."

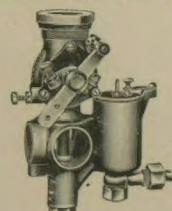
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"Madam, the reason for that is that the Lotus people base their prices, not on what the boots would easily fetch, now boots are so scarce, but always on the actual cost of manufacture, and they never raise their prices until forced by increased cost of leather and wages."

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29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Co-Operative There is much stirring among the dry bones nowadays, and on every hand people are discussing the shape that motoring will take in the halcyon days "after the war." Particularly do we hear of the discussion of methods for the retention of British trade for British traders, and of how and why the British motorist will stick to the products of his own country. I am not so sanguine about this aspect of things as some appear to be who look forward to a super-patriotic wave of sentiment which will sweep before it all in the shape of foreign competition. There is only one thing that will keep the British buyer of anything in the straight and narrow path of patriotic purchase, and that is equal or better value of the native product in comparison with the competing foreign article. It is just as well that we should clear our minds of pretence and recognise that, as this was the governing consideration before the war, so it will continue to be after peace has been proclaimed. I am not thinking at the moment of competition from the present enemy countries. I sincerely trust that the terms of peace we shall impose will effectively put the bar up to any effective competition from those quarters for many years to come. But I have in mind that there are other countries than the enemies', and that it is from them that the effective competition will come. Fortunately, this is meeting with recognition from those who, after the war, will be once more able to appeal to the suffrages of the British motorist, and plans wide and deep are being laid to meet the competition that will exist. Long before the war there was anxiety on account of foreign car competition, and many were the remedies put forward, from protection to co-operation. We have the first now, although we do not call it by that name. Call it a tax for revenue purposes, if you like; but it is protective, nevertheless. The other we are to have.

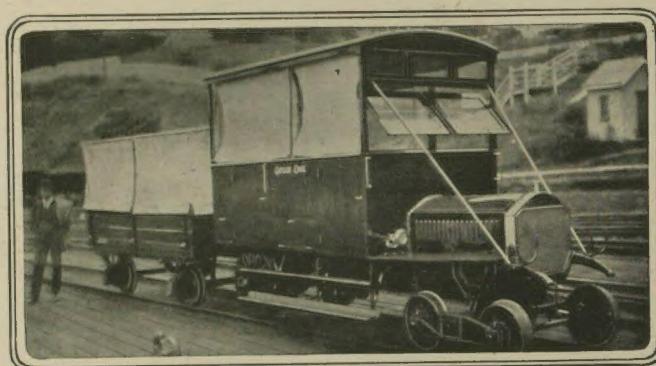
How It Will Work.

By co-operation I do not mean the co-operative motoring, in which we are to syndicate our cars and share expenses, but the co-operative production of cars. That is to say, the pooling of resources among, say, a dozen large manufacturers for the production of a single type in large numbers and the concurrent reduction of costs. That is the only way in which outside competition can be effectively countered, and it is the remedy that is going to be adopted, unless my information is altogether at fault. There is absolutely nothing against the idea, and everything in its favour. In the past the scheme has not appealed to the British maker, because of his horror of figuring as an assembler of parts made by other people. Why, I am sure I do not know,



A "WOLSELEY" STAFF CAR: "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Our interesting photograph shows a Signal Troop, attached to an Indian Cavalry Brigade, in France. The car seen standing near the picturesque group of Indian troops is a 16-20-h.p. "Wolseley" staff car, made by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., Adderley Park, Birmingham.



A MOTOR TRANSFORMATION: A ROAD "NAPIER" USED ON THE RAILWAY.

The Railway Commissioner, Queensland, conceived the idea of fitting railway wheels to a road motor, and so adapting it for running on rails. This was done with an old 45-h.p. Napier, and a recent trial of the transformed motor proved entirely successful.

since, no matter how much of a "manufacturer" he may have been, he never in any one case "manufactured" his own car from start to finish. As a matter of fact, if we dissect any car built in this country, we shall find that a surprising number of its components have been made outside, and merely "assembled" by the firm whose name it carries. Now, that being so, why not standardise the whole thing, and enable the components maker to turn out his parts in large quantities to the one pattern rather than compel him to make to a dozen or twenty patterns? It is obviously less costly, and the resultant car is not going to be any the worse. Of course, there is the question of goodwill to be considered; but I do not think there is much difficulty to be apprehended on that account. In America the maker of components enters into the scheme of things to an extent that leaves the car-manufacturer nothing much to do but put the parts together, test the resultant, and sell it with his name upon it. Yet that name carries a distinct goodwill with it, and people buy one car in preference to another, even though the two are identical to all intents and purposes. That is what will happen in this country. The specialist producer will be employed to an extent that was undreamed of in the days before the war, and with his assistance cars will be built in numbers and at a price that will be far below that ruling in the times when every firm was a law unto itself in the matter of design.

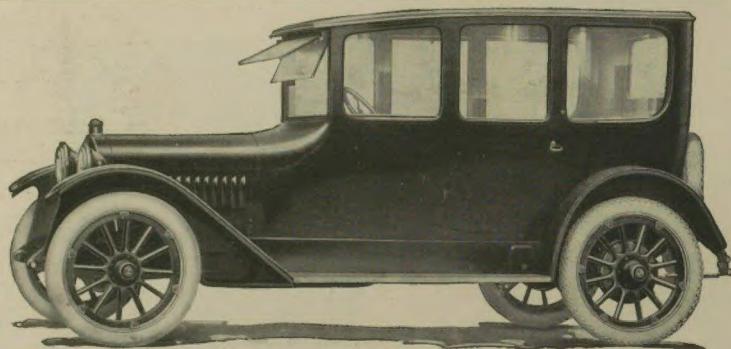
Too Many Types. After all, what do we want with such a multiplicity of models as appeared, for example, at the Olympia Show of 1913? I cannot pretend to say how many there were, but their name was legion. And, if we take as an instance the 15-h.p. class, what essential difference was there between any two of them when we come down to the matter of intrinsic merit? Practically none at all. Each one, no matter what its mark, was a good car, and, given equality of treatment at the hands of its owner, had the same potentialities of life and good service. The net result of multiplicity of type and diversity of design was simply that the buyer was asked to pay a substantial sum of money for the individual idiosyncrasies of each designer, a sum that would have been saved to him if uniformity of design and co-operative manufacture had ruled. It simply comes down to this, that there is nothing the matter with a good car however it is produced, and, if you can produce as good a car co-operatively as you can individually, it is obviously the right policy to co-operate. It is the only way in which the coming competition can be effectively met, and it is the way it will be met. If the scheme that is in the air is sufficiently wide, then there is no fear for the future of the British car, either at home or in the markets of the world outside these islands.—W. W.



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And that means quality in the car.

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And satisfied owners are conceded to be a pretty valuable asset for any motor-car manufacturer.

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Hupmobile Models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motor: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke. (3½" x 5½"). Transmission: Three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear Axle floating type, spiral bevel gear. Cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbitt lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5 seater, 134" on 7-seater.) Tyres 875 x 105 m/m or 34" x 4" on 2 and 5 seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4½" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating, rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; ammeter; robe rail, foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier, pump, jack and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels, special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

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Sole Concessionaires British Isles—WHITING, LTD., 334-340, Euston Road, London.

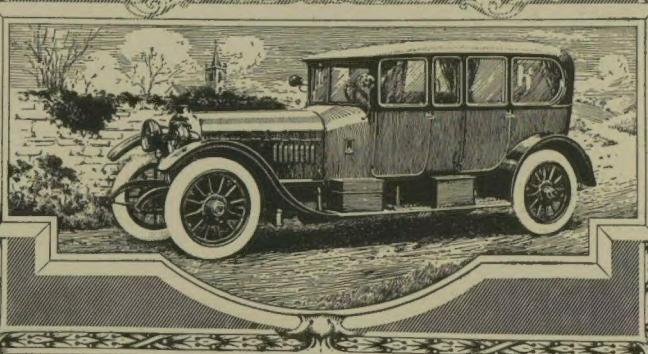
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"Your Soles are absolutely O.K."

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They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather.

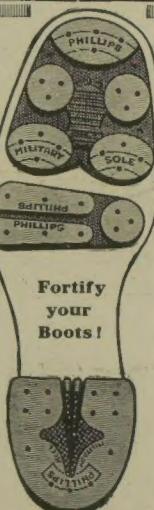
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LADIES' (for General Wear) ... 3/- " "

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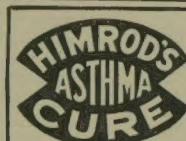
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Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

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MAPLE LEAVES: TWO NEW BOOKS
ON CANADA.

TWO interesting Canadian books have recently come to hand—one a direct outcome of the war, and the other apparently having no connection with it. The first, "Canada's Future," edited by E. A. Victor (Macmillan Company of Canada), is described in a sub-title as "a symposium of official opinion." The volume, which has a frontispiece portrait of the Duke of Connaught, is a collection of fifty-two interesting articles on various aspects of Canadian life written by well-known men of the Dominion. Thus, to take a few examples—it is impossible, of course, to enumerate the whole list of contents—Sir George Foster writes on "Canada's Outlook," Sir Sam Hughes on "Canada's Future Within the Empire," the Hon. W. J. Roche on "The Ex-Soldier's Opportunities," and the Hon. T. W. Crothers on "Labour Conditions in Canada After the War." The other contributions deal with the prospects of the several provinces; different great industries, such as fruit-growing, lumbering, mining, and agriculture and fisheries; and subjects connected with climbing and sport. The book will be of great interest and value to anyone who is thinking of emigrating to Canada, or who is interested in the country financially. Different articles will appeal to different readers, but that of Sir Sam Hughes is one that deserves careful consideration by all who have given any thought to the future of the British Empire after the war, and especially by those statesmen who will have a hand in framing it. Sir Sam Hughes writes with soldierly brevity and clearness of vision. "The proposition which, to my mind," he says, "meets the requirements of the case would be a full partnership federal union, the United Kingdom forming one unit, Canada forming another unit, Australia another unit, New Zealand another, the Union of South Africa yet another, and possibly India and some of the great Crown colonies, under some appropriate form, as other units. All these

units should compose the federation. Each of these should retain the form of government which suits it, with no loss whatever of autonomy, but with the advantage of the prestige and power which membership in the Imperial Council would confer. To my mind there should be one great Imperial Parliament over and above these local Parliaments."

The second volume in question is a work of autobiography. It is called "Mounted Police Life in Canada," by Captain R. Burton Deane (Cassell), and is further

in the early part of July 1883" as the date for beginning his records, and gives little account of his previous career. However, most readers will be content to begin where the author begins, and ask no questions. Whether a policeman's lot be a happy one or no, his reminiscences are bound to be exciting, for he runs across in real life the sort of incidents out of which imaginative writers make novels and plays. Captain Deane's book includes a good deal that is interesting from this point of view, including one or two murder cases and other Canadian *causes célèbres*.

There is a good deal about the internal politics of the force that must be chiefly of local or professional interest. But apart from this, the book gives, perhaps unconsciously, a good picture of Canadian life, and has the value which must always belong to a straightforward record of personal experiences by one who really knows what he is talking about.



RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE EXPLOSION IN THE EAST END: SALVING BEDDING FOR A NEW ABOLE.

This photograph was taken the day after the explosion in the East End of London on January 19. "Three rows of small houses," said an official account, "were practically demolished."—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

described as "A Record of Thirty-One Years' Service." The illustrations include a frontispiece portrait of the author, some photographs of old police barracks, and a map of the North-West police district of Canada. Most autobiographers introduce themselves in some way by means of a preface, as an explanation—or, if they are very modest, an apology—for presenting their reminiscences to the public. Captain Deane plunges at once in *medias res*, and he does not tell us why he selected "a glorious morning

publishers have shown their usual care for precision and comprehensiveness, living well up to their reputation and including the latest changes in the Government; and they state that, unless the coming autumn sees the end of the war, the next two annual editions of the work may have to include the names of temporary tenants of West End houses. This would, without doubt, be a valuable and widely appreciated addition to an already indispensable volume.

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OLD AGE.

PROF. FLEURY (of the Paris Faculty of Medicine) in the course of a communication to his colleagues described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz.: dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation of such cases had shown that in 165 out of 201 (i.e., 82%) there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. Nevertheless it is consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

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